

Rec<sup>d</sup> June 30/55.  
ans. July 1

W. L. G., to send



Announcing Mr. Estlin's  
death.

Rev. S. May Jr.

21 Corn Hill,

Boston.

Letter sent to  
W. P. &  
A. W. W.



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Bristol. June 15. 55.

My little note to you -  
My Father was in bed  
reading over & correcting a portion of the letter  
Mr Philip Carpenter respecting F. Douglass (to  
which I allude) which he had dictated the  
preceding evening. He draped himself & brought the  
letter down in his hand, heard my note to you  
of which he fully approved (the documents which  
accompanied it he had seen before,) & then he  
took a walk <sup>with me</sup> ~~together~~ in the Park, came home  
received a call <sup>on business</sup> from a medical friend, had  
dinner, amused himself with the newspapers  
& the Quarterly Review, went out again with me into  
an adjoining nursery garden, & returned in time for me  
to receive the Ladies A.S. Committee, whom I think  
told you he had specially requested might meet  
here that evening. We entered on our business  
he remained in the dining <sup>where we joined him at</sup> room till tea time  
when he talked about F. Douglass <sup>and that of</sup> with great  
grief & course & that of his British supporters  
with great concern, urged the Committee to  
do what they could to show the inconsistency  
of pretending to aid the A.S. Cause by collecting  
funds for a man who was constantly attacking  
the Slaves best friends & was giving circulation  
to the old pro-slavery false charge of infidelity  
against the members of the American A.S. Society.



on this subject,

After conversing about N. Box Brown &c &c.  
& many other topics, we adjourned to the  
drawing & resumed our business, ~~at the~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~father~~  
Father almost immediately joined us, & abetting  
to some correspondence I was reading -  
between Mr W. D. Channing & Mr R. L. Carpenter,  
which Mr Pillsbury had forwarded to us.  
As I closed one letter & was taking out another  
my Father began to ask me a question  
when I immediately perceived that his <sup>articulation</sup> ~~speech~~  
was indistinct. I <sup>partly</sup> gave the letter to my  
Secretary to go on reading the <sup>might</sup> ~~might~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~not~~  
be suddenly disturbed, while I ran to send a  
messenger for my cousin, Mr Richard, his medical  
attendant. Then I returned to him, & finding  
that his words were very difficult of utterance  
I entreated the ladies to withdraw without  
confusion while I helped him to rise from his  
chair. This he attempted but sunk into my  
arms <sup>one side being</sup> quite stiff & powerless. He was urgent to  
be carried to his bed room which, with the  
aid of the servant who always attends upon us,  
I accomplished, & in two minutes after  
my cousin came to our aid, as also Mr Morgan  
(Mr Pillsbury's medical friend) whom one of the <sup>ladies</sup>  
ladies had summoned by my request. They  
helped him into bed, & he spoke two or three  
times afterwards, but never opened his eyes  
nor moved any part of his body except his



right hand & leg. His head fell upon his left  
side. & he suffered <sup>from</sup> constant attacks of sickness  
& cramp with intervals of heavy disturbed  
slumber. With his right hand he held mine  
indicated his wishes by placing my hand  
on the part of his face or body where he felt  
most uneasiness, & then keeping it perfectly  
still while I bathed or rubbed the part he  
~~decided~~ <sup>touching</sup>. He went on all this Friday night  
& Saturday, & Saturday night, & with increasing  
difficulty rapidity of breathing & other signs  
of approaching dissolution, & on Sunday morning  
he breathed his last, thus passing on with scarcely  
any inter<sup>val</sup> ~~mission~~ <sup>of pain or consciousness</sup> from his work on earth  
to his abode in Heaven! Was not this a  
~~fitting termination~~ <sup>Once</sup> On Saturday morning <sup>when</sup>  
~~he seemed departing~~ I asked him to squeeze my hand if he heard  
me speak, & he grasped it very firmly. I then  
said a few words to him expressing the certainty  
that if he could speak he would have told me  
that while his body suffered his spirit was full  
of peace, that the faith which had been his guide  
thru' life was his support unto the end; that I  
was glad he knew it was my hand that  
smoothed his brow, & that he would ever  
be as close to me as he was then, I next re-  
peated <sup>the words</sup> ~~a verse~~ of Scripture "Thy I walk thru'  
the dark valley of the shadows of death I will  
fear no evil," &c. Weeping may endure for a night  
but joy cometh in the morning," "I am the resurrect-  
& the life" &c. ... He gradually relaxed his hold <sup>of my hand</sup> & fell



into a doze, & I did not afterwards attempt to  
address him, tho' when he was restless I repeated  
a few soothing lines that if conscious he would  
have ~~like~~ responded to; he ~~always~~ felt restless  
about for my hand whenever he woke from these  
troubled moments of troubled sleep, & retained  
his almost-as long as <sup>she</sup> continued to breathe.  
Is not this a blessed translation for him, & a  
fitting close of his career of usefulness? It is just  
what he would have chosen for himself, what  
I had desired for him! The fear of remaining  
a useless cumberer of the ground when his mind  
had lost its vigor, or his limbs their power to  
move, was pressing on his ~~mind~~ spirits, & tho' he  
trusted the future confidently to Him who has  
graciously ordered the past, & tho' he extracted  
enjoyment from every available source, yet it  
<sup>was</sup> with patient effort, <sup>rather than spontaneously</sup> & amid st. perpetual reminder  
of what had passed away for ever, with ever increasing  
bodily weakness, tho' the vigor of his mind seemed inter-  
sisting to the last. He had just sent to the Assoc.  
for publication a letter he addressed to the  
Secretary of New Broad St. which he considered  
the completion of the testimony he has been cal-  
led to bear to the shortcomings of that Society. It will  
come forth with touching appeal & now the  
voice that dictated those words of stern judg-  
ment to truth & principle is hushed in death.  
The "Bristol Gazette" contains a notice of them which  
will supply my omissions. Will you remember  
me affectionately to Mr Garrison & say that if the  
accompanying lines, written by my Father some years  
ago are not discordant to his feelings it would gratify  
to see them in the "Liberator". Entreat him to respect his

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